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# GOOD OLD SOUTHERN HOME.

Not many years ago,  
When I used to rake and hoe  
On the Louisiana bottom all the day;  
But since I've been set free,  
Not much pleasure do I see;  
But at last those good old days have passed away.  
But I'm getting old and gray,  
And I soon must pass away.  
My good old massa beckons me to come,  
If you hear those voices ringing  
I'm waiting for you now, so I must go leave my good old Southern Home.

CHORUS.—All my friends have gone up there,  
With the angels bright and fair;  
My good old massa beckons me to come  
From the heaven bright and fair,  
With angels dwelling there,  
I must go and leave my good old Southern Home.

When I was but a little boy,  
To dance and sing it was my joy;  
You could always find me gamboling on the green,  
But I'm getting old and gray,  
And I soon must pass away.  
And say farewell to the happy days I've seen;  
But I know I soon must go,  
For the Bible tells me so—  
I'm waiting for my summons now to come;  
For de angels dwell up dar, and look so bright and fair,  
I must go and leave my good old Southern Home.—CHORUS.

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